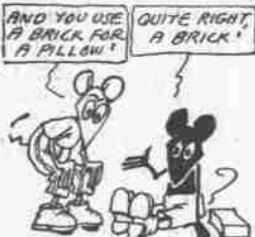


ADVENTURES OF MR. MOUSE



A PERTINENT OUTCRY

"Mamma, when people are in mourning do they wear black night-gowns?"

"Why, no; of course, not."

"Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as they do in the daytime?"—Judge.

THEIR SPARK PLUGS ALMOST WORKED—A DOPE YARN

Ford and Maxwell stood in an alley—out of the way of traffic—just off South State st. They stood nose on, quite close to one another.

Two men chanced by.

"Something wrong there," remarked one. "Looks like they're transferring gasoline. Let's see."

The two men walked into the alley. They found Ford and Maxwell to be self-starters, but easily put under control, perhaps for lack of juice.

They are booked on a federal charge as Geo. Maxwell and Frank Ford. The officers say they got them in the act of giving each other a "shot in the arm."

Wm. George, alias Wm. Evans, told Judge Landis he had gotten his dope from Wm. H. Armbricht's drug store, 1065 W. Madison, on prescriptions made by Dr. Milton B. Titue of the same address. Titue will appear before Commissioner Mason today.

"Would you mind waiting in jail another week for trial?" Judge Landis asked George.

"You bet not; they fedd well there," replied George.

857 VETERANS MARCHED

Veterans of the civil war to the number of 857 appeared in the parade yesterday. The majority of them walked. A few were carried in autos. In the past year 204 have gone to join their comrades who perished some 50 years ago.

The parade took two hours to pass the reviewing stand. More than 8,000 men and boys marched.

THROWN OUT

Golfer—Confound you, boy; you made me miss that putt!

Caddie—I didn't do nothin', sir.

Golfer—Yes, you did; it was your blooming hiccup.

Caddie—I didn't 'ic—'iccup, sir.

Golfer—Of course, you didn't. It's the first time you've missed, and I allowed for it, you idiot!